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THE CHILDREN'S PAPER

JULY 1923

THOMAS NELSON AND SONS, LTD.

Mizuna the Witch

"OUT with it, Bingo," urged Dick. "What sort of a show is it that you're so anxious to see? No lying now. Quick! or I'll lock you up in the shed."

The Kaffir writhed and grimaced in his anxiety to obtain the goodwill and consent of his young master.

The old Baas had ridden across the veld at dawn to the farm of a friend. Only the two young ones were in charge of Silvernude Farm, located on the fringe of the veld and no distance from the impenetrable, unexplored forest.

True, Bingo had often gone with Baas Dick and Baas Frank and their "fire-tubes," from which leapt death and flame, into the forest. Many an adventure had been theirs, many a day's sport. But at the moment Bingo's wish to go into the forest had nothing to do with sport.

In vain he tried to evade answering Baas Dick's question. His very anxiety to be secret awoke the English boy's curiosity; but it was not till his brother Frank had joined with him in threats of forbidding the Kaffir to leave the farm that Bingo gave explanation.

He was going to the punishment of a witch over there in one of the native kraals.

This witch Mizuna was, vowed Bingo, a dreadful woman who had power to turn herself into a leopardess. As such she had killed her own husband—a splendid youth. In punishment for this crime Mizuna was to receive the "reward of witches."

Still more reluctantly Bingo described this "reward," which fairly made the boys' blood boil.

"Ten thousand to one it's all a pack of lies," Frank said to Dick when Bingo had gone his way. "Poor Mizuna is quite a young woman—a most superior sort of nigger girl. And it's just twaddle to suppose she ever had anything to do with her husband's death. The fact is, those blacks in the forest kraals are getting a bit too spry. One day there will be trouble if this sort of thing goes on. They know witch torture is forbidden. Yet they mean to defy the white man of the veld."

"I wish Dad were home," said Dick anxiously; "he'd fix the show up without trouble. Anyway, old man, I don't see how we *can* let them murder that poor little woman who is still lamenting the loss of her husband."

"Of course we can't. Saddle up and off we go! Now, shall we ride for Reglan's Rock, leave the gees there, and make our way up the forest path? It's as light as day with this full moon, and I know Mizuna's hut."

"Should have said *cave* was nearer the mark; but that's the game. We shall be in time to warn her. If possible we'll help to get her away. I'm betting that Jane would give her house-room till Dad comes home and can teach the niggers a bit of common sense."

It did not sound too hard. But the boys knew enough about African natives and superstition to be aware that they were taking their lives in their hands when they mixed themselves up in a witch riot.

Yet it was up to them, and less than an hour later they were slipping out of their saddles at Reglan's Rock. Forest trees hid the moonlit veld. Not a sign could be seen off Scamman's Farm. But the boys never so much as thought of fear.

Leaving the horses tethered to trees on the farther side of the great squat rock, they hurried forward. Their knives were in their belts, and they each held a revolver.

A light burned in Mizuna's hut. The boys peeped through the unglazed window. Mizuna knelt on the floor of the bare hut, bending in mother worship over the sleeping baby boy who lay there so tranquilly. Poor Mizuna! That sight made the boys feel like a couple of young heroes. They were going to see it through.

As Dick and Frank entered the humble dwelling it was to find the native woman holding her child in her arms, her attitude that of a trapped forest creature which means to fight for its life and that of its young. Frank knew enough of the tribal lingo to make himself understood. They were here to warn her, Mizuna, of her danger, and carry her to safety. Would she trust them? If so, they must reach Reglan's Rock without delay, and from thence regain the farm.

The woman only understood part; but she realized these were friends, not foes. She guessed the rest. With rapid words of gratitude she signified that she was ready to trust these rescuers, whilst, snatching up a big native blanket, she wrapped it about herself and the child.

Out into the moonlit forest the three fugitives hurried.

Hark! Fierce cries, shouts, the blowing and beating of native instruments, told how the inhabitants of the forest kraal were preparing for their visit.

Mizuna moaned, her knees gave way under her, and she sank on the ground.

"O weena—nigula o—weena," she sobbed beneath her breath. The child under the blanket began to whimper.

"Come along, Mizuna," urged Dick, "or it will be too late. You must run. Think of—the kid."

She understood his gestures rather than his words, and staggered to her feet.

Louder and louder sounded the chanting. Dick and Frank grabbed each an arm of the poor creature and fairly whirled her along the path; but they soon saw that the task before them was impossible. Long before they reached Reglan's Rock they would be overtaken by the horde of witchfinders.

It was Dick who saw the way out. And no time for explanations.

"The blanket, Mizuna!" he panted. "Frank, get back to the farm. Perhaps Dad will be there. He'll know what to do if I'm kept by those——"

The next instant he had rolled himself in the dirty native rug, and thus disguised, dashed back up the path.

Frank and Mizuna understood. It showed grit on Frank's part to put his arm about the woman and half carry her down the slope towards the rock, where the horses waited.

Meantime, Dick had reached a huge banyan tree at the top of the slope, and stood in full view of the crowd of natives which came rushing up the path.

A storm of shrieks and cries greeted the apparition. "The witch! The leopard! Wow! The slayer of husbands! Wow!"

Dick waved blanket-swathed arms, then leapt to the right, where a path led deeper into the forest and away from the direction taken by his brother and the woman.

He was a fine runner, and in the old days at an English school had been a famous "hare" to outrace the hounds. But nearer—nearer behind him came the pursuers, beating drums, blowing horns, yelling like fiends.

There was simply no time to think of snakes, leopards, or the many dangers of an African forest. The loud-voiced danger behind him was enough. But this beastly blanket arrangement was slipping, twisting, tripping him, and there wasn't a chance to stop and put it on again.

Hullo!

Two things happened simultaneously. The first was the boy's horrified discovery

that he had run in a circle, and that at the very foot of the slope on which he stood lay the deserted kraal; the second was that what he feared had come to pass, and, tripping over that blanket, he rolled down the slope with half a dozen yelping natives on the top of him.

It was a mercy for Dick that the *pleasure* of witch torture kept those men from murdering him outright.



Not a knife, however, was raised, not a blow given. Bruised, shaken, and dazed, Dick remained unhurt as his captors, lugging him to his feet, began to drag him to the place of punishment.

The blanket was still huddled about him, and now that the moonlight was fading it was just possible to keep up the delusion that he was Mizuna the witch. The natives had not seen the boy rescuers, and never dreamed that their prey could escape. It was dark here where the trees grew thickly, and the long-drawn snarl of a leopard not too far off made the men press forward more quickly.

No doubt the creature yonder was their prisoner's familiar.

Dick could have laughed at their terror had the situation been less serious. He was sure these cowardly captors half dreaded lest he should suddenly assume the form of a leopardess.

The kraal was reached at last. And by this time those two must be beyond pursuit.

Dick saw the huge bonfire and the great cauldron of boiling water, and the hideous prospect of torture added to his promptitude in flinging off his disguise.

"I am not Mizuna!" he cried. "You know me! I am the young Baas from the veld farm!" And he sprang forward so as to stand with his back to a tree, revolver in hand.

The natives drew back amazed.

But a voice rose to a scream amongst their ranks.

"It is Mizuna! Wow! She has eaten up my young Baas and stolen his body so that she may escape us!"

It was Bingo who in all good faith made this astounding solution to the mystery!

Dick felt his blood run chill. He had never thought that native superstition would give this interpretation to his act.

But the natives, led by the headmen and Bingo, had seized their weapons—knives, beating rods and clubs—and came towards him, shouting, yelling, snarling.

Dick fired his revolver into the air.

For the sake of his people he dared not aim at one of the men.

"Bingo, you old fool," he yelled, "speak to them or they'll murder me! I'm the young Bass right enough. Baas Frank has taken Mizuna home."

Bingo howled, yes, howled in sheer terror and perplexity. Of course this was only a trap of the witch's to deceive him. It was terrible to be selected by a witch for special communications.

"Seize her!" he shrieked, "the slayer of husbands—the bringer of plagues—the——"

Fierce faces were thrust close to Dick's, cruel

hands gripped him. He was being dragged nearer to the place of torture.

And then, when it seemed nothing could save him, a shout rang out, pistol shots sounded, and down the slope galloped the boy's father, with Frank beside him and a couple of farmers close behind, and, gripping Mr. Elkin's stirrup leather, was a big native, the sweat pouring from his face.

It was Darvari, the lost husband of Mizuna.

Darvari! Wow! Then he was not killed after all!

Dick, half fainting with the reaction, bruised, aching in every limb, felt his bonds cut and the friendly grasp of his brother's hand on his shoulder.

"Bravo, Dick," said Frank hoarsely; and then, rather lower, "Thank Heaven we were in time. Coo! It was the worst half-hour I've ever spent."

Meantime Mr. Elkins was succeeding in reducing the natives to a state of real repentance. Here, he explained, had been very nearly enacted a terrible wrong which would have brought the ghosts of vengeance upon the kraal; Mizuna was innocent. Here was Darvari, her husband, who had fallen sick whilst away at his hunting and had only just returned. Mizuna had recognized him as he came across the veld track towards the forest. As to the poor woman being a leopardess it was all nonsense, etc.

The natives dispersed, shamed and sheepish. They knew Darvari would also be talking black words in their ears.

As to Bingo—

Poor old Bingo! It was punishment enough for him to find he had nearly murdered the young Baas.

So Bingo was forgiven, and the party rode home in the breaking of a new dawn to find Mizuna waiting for them, her child in her arms and a speechless gratitude on her lips.

Mottoes for July

*Our souls grow up to the light : we must keep
our eye on the light and look no lower.*

G. MEREDITH.

PEGGY BROWN (age 14),
102 Glasgow Road,
Clydebank.

*Folks that's afeard of failin' is sure of
failin'.*

GEORGE ELIOT.

IDA MONNOX (age 11),
113 Court Lane, Erdington,
Birmingham.

Bible Story

John, the Companion of Jesus

BY ROBERT BIRD

7. THE DISCIPLE WHOM JESUS LOVED

WHEN did John become the disciple whom Jesus loved? We are not told. It was not suddenly, but a gradual knitting of hearts; and we can believe it was in days of trial that the young fisherman proved the man among them all on whom Jesus leaned. When men were turning their backs on Him for telling them the truths of heaven, the whole-hearted belief of His young cousin would soothe the spirit of Jesus like the love of a child.

To us it seems almost beyond belief that people who looked upon Jesus in this world should have ever hated Him, and yet they did. Some hated Him for not keeping their little religious rules. Others hated Him for saying God was His Father. Others hated Him for saying He was Christ, the Light of the world. They hated Him without a cause. Incredible to us, it was not strange to John when he remembered what he had learned at the school and synagogue. He had seen men stoned, he had seen men flogged, he had seen men put out of the synagogue, and shunned by all, for not keeping these petty little rules. To be cast out of the synagogue meant no home, no shelter, no work, no food, shunned by everybody as an unholy thing.

The scribes, who wrote the laws, had many rules about ceremonial hand- and pot- and dish-washing. John knew them well, for they had to be observed in every Jewish home. Jesus would not obey them, and He told John not to; and so the disciples were challenged for not washing their hands in the particular way they had been taught to do from childhood. This did not surprise John. Two years ago he would have felt ashamed, but now he knew better. He had learned from Jesus the difference between a command of God and a rule of man. When the Pharisees found fault with Jesus, John heard Him tell them to go away and teach the people to keep the commandments of God.

These men came back to Jesus again, and John heard them threatening to punish Him for teaching the people that they might eat any kind of food, contrary to the command of Moses. Jesus said that to eat or not to eat any kind of food could not make a man good or bad, and John believed Him. It was plain common sense; but the scribes raged, and threatened Jesus with all the punishments laid down by Moses. The rabbis had taught for centuries that

it was a sinful thing, and they would have Jesus stopped.

John was alarmed at the threats of the Pharisees, and the disciples told Jesus. Peter was not sure that it was wise to make these men so angry. He did not see that it could be right for a Jew to eat meat forbidden by Moses, and Jesus had carefully to explain to them how eating food could never make a man bad or good. Yet some of the disciples did not believe Him. And after His death this little question gave infinite trouble to the apostles. But Jesus also said He was higher than Moses, and was bitterly hated for it, because Moses was the greatest lawgiver of the Jews, and his laws were taught as the commands of God.

Leaving the lakeside—with its hills and trees by the blue water, where the graceful fishing boats, with their red sails, passed to and fro—John went with Jesus upon the longest journey they ever took together, although they were never more than fifty miles from the lake. They left the country of King Antipas, and went into the land beyond the snow-capped Mount Hermon, and down again to the busy city of Tyre, on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. Perhaps it was the first time John had ever seen that populous place, with its large harbour filled with the tall masts of foreign ships, while other ships, spreading white wings, were wafted out to sea, on their way to Rome, Athens, and Egypt. Some of the ships looked very imposing, standing high out of the water, with two masts, on which hung great square sails, while on the bow was painted a white eye, which the sailors said helped the ship to see its way over the dark water.

There were people following Jesus still, and He rested among the lower hills behind Tyre. After an absence of some weeks John returned with Him to the lake, which was the centre of the trade and life of Galilee, and crossing it in a boat they returned to John's own village of Bethsaida. And he tells us that Pharisees met them on the road who urged Jesus to work a wonder before them, to show that He was the Son of God, but He refused. They were not to follow Him for His wonders, but for His words.

After teaching for some time in the villages near Bethsaida, John accompanied Jesus upon another journey. The constant crowds were more than Jesus could bear, and again He sought the calm and rest of the hills to the north—the Lebanon hills, covered with stately cedars of dark green, noted in the Bible for their grace and beauty.

When Jesus told the people that it could not be sinful to eat any kind of food, He was saying what had never been said to Jews since the days of Moses.

The rabbis taught the people to keep many useless rules and ceremonies, but Jesus had come to set them free, and so He was loved by the common people and hated by the scribes.

* * * * *

It was an autumn evening. The vines were hanging in red and gold on the terraces of the lower hills, and the sun was bending to the west over the great sea. John heard Jesus say they were to spend the night on Mount Hermon. Telling the other disciples to wait for Him at the foot of the mountain, Jesus took with Him John and James and Peter, and they climbed the hill. During the night John saw a wondrous vision, in which the clothing of Jesus shone like glittering snow, and His face was as the sun, and two strangers appeared talking with him.

In the morning Jesus told them not to speak of the vision to any one until He was dead and risen again, but John did not know what Jesus meant. He asked the other disciples, but they did not know either, and John tells us they did not care to ask Jesus for an explanation.

John had been away with Jesus while He prayed with the disciples and told them of things to come which none others knew: He was soon going to Jerusalem, and the great thing for which He had come into the world would happen there. He would be killed, and after three days He would rise again. John believed the kingdom of God was now very near. The time and place were fixed. It would be soon, at Jerusalem; and as he was one of the first disciples, he would be a leading man in the kingdom. When Jesus sat on His throne, reigning over the people, the disciples would be governors of provinces under Him. John believed this with his whole heart, and that one of them would be His chief minister.

John spoke much with the other disciples about the nearness of this great revolution as they walked along the country roads from Hermon to Galilee—a group of young fishermen, who would soon be princes in palaces. Their conversation did not interest Jesus, for He walked on alone in front of them. Glad of an opportunity for settling the things of the kingdom among themselves, the disciples lingered behind, talking of the high places that were sure to come. Some, of course, would be higher than others, and one would be the highest of all. Who would it be? Who was to be greatest among them? On this they could not agree. They talked about it, they argued about it, getting more heated, until they quarrelled about it. Their voices were loud, much louder than they knew. And the quarrel was without end, as they walked on together, John joining in it with the rest. And as they quarrelled they could see before

them Jesus, whose death was to bring these places and honours, walking alone, His words not remembered, His very presence forgotten in the eager heat of their wrangling. He knew they were quarrelling, like children, but He did not turn back.

In Peter's house at Capernaum John was surprised and ashamed when Jesus asked what they had been disputing about on the road. They confessed with shame that it was about who should be the greatest in His kingdom. He told them all to come inside, and John saw Him sit down and draw a little child towards Him, and he wondered what it meant. They had been quarrelling about who should be greatest, and as John listened with bowed head, he heard Jesus say that unless he changed greatly he would never enter His kingdom. If he wished to be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, he must become as humble as this little child. In this gentle manner Jesus rebuked their boasting over one another. Not the proudest, not the strongest, not the loudest talker was the greatest in His eyes, but he that was modest and backward as yonder blushing child—he would be the greatest of them all.

John could see from the faces of his companions that they were not pleased with the sharp rebuke they had received. They sat with rebellious hearts while Jesus addressed them in language stronger than He had ever used before. John heard Him tell them that to receive a little child in His name was like receiving Him and God. Better were it for them to be drowned in the sea, with a millstone round their neck, than that they should harm a child that believed in Him. Little children saw the face of God, and were not to be despised. John was not accustomed to think that he could learn anything from a child. He looked upon children as only little playthings. But as he grew older he learned more, and became the chief child-lover among the disciples.

Childhood

IN my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
Upon the days gone by; to act in thought
Past seasons o'er, and be again a child;
To sit in fancy on the turf-clad slope
Down which the child would roll; to pluck gay
flowers,
Make posies in the sun, which the child's hand
(Childhood offended soon, soon reconciled)
Would throw away, and straight take up again,
Then fling them to the winds, and o'er the lawn
Bound with so playful and so light a foot,
That the pressed daisy scarce declined her head.

CHARLES LAMB



SMILES

"The happy smiles of the young
are the sunshine of the old"



AN officer in charge of a British post deep in the heart of Africa received this wireless message from his superior officer :

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

With commendable promptness the superior received this reply :

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, two Frenchmen, two Italians, an Austrian, and an American. Please say whom we are at war with."

✦ ✦ ✦

Lawyer. "Was the deceased in the habit of talking to himself when he was alone?"

Patrick Mahoney. "I can't tell you that, sir. I never was with him when he was alone."

✦ ✦ ✦

PAT says that "nothing can be aiser than to repale the union of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. It is only necessary," says he, "to transpose two letters, and they will become *untied* kingdoms at once." ✦ ✦ ✦

A SAILOR dropped out of the rigging of a ship of war, some fifteen or twenty feet, and fell plump on the head of the first lieutenant. "Wretch!" said the officer, after he had gathered himself up, "where the dickens did you come from?" "An' sure, I came from the north of Ireland, yer honour." ✦ ✦ ✦

"PLEASE, marm, and what shall I do with the bits of candles?" "Take them downstairs and burn them in the kitchen, Bridget." Off she started. At night Bridget called the lady, and asked for a candle for the kitchen. "A candle! Why, what have you done with those pieces you had this morning?" "Faith, marm, I put them in the fire and burned them in the kitchen, as ye tould me this morning!" ✦ ✦ ✦

"DIDN'T you tell me you could hold the plough?" said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. "Be aisy, now," says Pat. "How could I hould it, an' two horses pullin' it away? Just stop the craytures, and I'll hould it for ye." ✦ ✦ ✦

"Do you mean to say," earnestly inquired Mr. O'Shaugnessy, "that one of these stoves would save half my fuel?" "Most decidedly I do; I will answer for it." "Then give me your hand, my friend," said he, delighted, "and I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll have two stoves, and save it all."

Riddles

WHICH travels faster, heat or cold?

Ans. Heat, because you can catch cold.

(LILY ROBERTS.)

WHY is a horse cleverer than a fox?

Ans. Because a horse can run when he is in a trap, and a fox cannot.

(WALTER BOWDLER.)

WHAT tree is older than the oak?

Ans. The elder.

(ROBERT C. BRAYNE.)

IF your coat is too small, what should you do?

Ans. Put it in a small bag, and when taken out you will find it increases (in creases).

WHY is a schoolmistress like the letter C?

Ans. Because she makes "classes" out of "lasses."

WHICH is the most dangerous time of the year?

Ans. When all the buds are shooting.

WHY should you never tell secrets in a cornfield?

Ans. Because there are so many ears there.

WHY is Ireland likely to become very rich?

Ans. Because its capital is always doubling (Dublin).

WHY is a beehive like a spectator?

Ans. Because it is a bee-holder (beholder).

WHAT kind of man is called by a name that means I cannot improve?

Ans. Mendicant (mend I cant).

WHAT word asks the question, "Am I fit?"

Ans. Amiable (am I able).

WHY is a room full of married people empty?

Ans. Because there is not a single person in it.

WHAT does the *Mauretania* weigh before she leaves port?

Ans. She weighs anchor.

WHAT word of ten letters can be spelt with five?

Ans. Expediency—X P D N C.

WHAT word is shorter after having a syllable added?

Ans. Short—shorter.

IF the alphabet was invited out, at what time would u, v, w, x, y, and z go?

Ans. After tea (T).

WHY is a person suffering from rheumatism like a window?

Ans. He is full of pains (panes).



THE SUNSHINE CHILDREN

CHAPTER X

SPANIARD'S MILL

BOTH Mr. Trenaint and his boy Hal were delighted at the "loan" which the Sunshine children brought in the shape of that most audacious dog.

For, would you believe it! Cluny had greeted his masters and mistress in the gayest, friendliest fashion the morning after his naughtiness. It was no use to lecture him or repeat "Bad dog." Cluny's tail denied the accusation by furious wagging! It was evident that there was something wrong in that dog's education, and the best possible thing for him was a change of teachers. The only thing to be questioned was whether he would get more discipline at the Cairn House. Judging by Hal's joyous welcome, Ann doubted it.

Mr. Trenaint would not allow them to hurry away. He had a great many interesting things to show and tell them, promising that one day he would take them to Cairn Keniazhek, which meant "hooting cairn."

"Who hoots?" asked Con the curious.

Mr. Trenaint laughed. "It's said to be the haunt of witches, sonny," he replied; "and you would never get a Cornish lad to pass it on dark nights for fear of hearing those unearthly yells. There's a stretch of moorland near called the Gump, where half-starved horses are turned to graze. An old miner told me the devil rides the horses in turn whilst he hunts lost souls which he is sure to overtake at a certain stile. You'll need big heads, though, if you are storing every Cornish legend in those noddles of yours."

"There's room for plenty more legends in my head yet," laughed Noel. "I love them. Couldn't we go down a mine one day, Mr. Trenaint? Uncle Bob only jokes and teases when we ask him, and of course he is busy most days at his 'accountant' work. I guess I don't quite know what being an accountant means, but I'm sure I never want to be one. My legs would grow stiff with sitting around so much."

Mr. Trenaint chuckled. He knew Uncle Bob well enough to be quite sure he did not work too hard.

"Every one to his taste," he replied. "Not

many people would care to be an old fossil like myself, who is chiefly interested in fossils of another sort. Now, are you going to stay dinner with me? I am sure Hal would find tinned sardines enough to go round, even if there were only one chop!"

"Sardines are fine," said Ann hastily, seeing the boys' faces beam, "but we mustn't; you *know*, Noel and Con, we mustn't. We promised to be back early, as Uncle Bob wanted to take us to Mulgitton Farm. He says it is a very nice place, and Ann Quinnock, the woman who owns it, has lots of pigs and ducks and animals."

It was not nearly so difficult as they had expected to persuade Cluny to remain at the Cairn House. Indeed, I think Noel would have liked the dog to show greater anxiety to remain with his friends. But Hal had been making love to him with sundry snacks of fish and bones, and quite won a place in his affections.

"True mongrel nature," said Mr. Trenaint. "After all, there is nothing like a thoroughbred if you want undying devotion. I am afraid Cluny will always adore the person who gives him the juiciest bones; but all the same he is very good-tempered and loving, even if the love has a good deal to do with the cupboard."

Uncle Bob did not often invite his Sunshine children to go out with him. You see, he was such a thorough old bachelor that you could not have expected him to break through his routine; and, after all, grown-ups *are* grown-ups, and it is only very lonely children who accept them as bad substitutes for playmates of their own age. And so it was just as well, perhaps, that Uncle Bob did not suggest helping to play with and amuse these young folk, as some grown-up relations are so fond of doing—and thereby spoiling all the fun!

He was so kind, too, at meals, chatting to them, and not growling and grumping half as much as Louisa over little tiresomenesses which are sure to come buzzing into every day where there are children in the house; for even Sunshine children do *sometimes* forget muddy boots, and tidy ways or "spots"; and upset salt-cellars spoil the beauty of the dining-room cloth, which ought to remain clean for a week!

And in return for all his kind good-temper about pin-prick trials, the children gave Uncle Bob real love, which was worth a great deal to

him. So they would not have forgotten their promise to walk over to Mulgitton Farm even if they had not liked the idea.

As it happened, the expedition was a great success. Uncle Bob chatted about California, told them stories about their Mother's girlhood, was quite interested in cairns and bogles, and promised to ask Mrs. Quinnock to let them ramble over the farm whilst he and she had their chat. The only thing he did *not* tell them was the business which was taking him over to Mulgitton Farm, and the children never thought of asking, especially when they heard the mulberries were likely to be ripe, as well as pears and damsons.

The farm lay about two miles from Clauden, and was not far from the cliffs. There were moors behind it, and a woody clime running down to the sands. As to the house itself, it was the prettiest place, with yellow roses and jasmine growing over it, and huge blue hydrangeas close to the door.

Ann Quinnock was a sturdy, pleasant-faced widow woman of forty, with cheeks like russet apples and the bluest eyes possible. She insisted on them all coming in and having frothing glasses of milk and a new dough cake, which was delicious. Then she and Uncle Bob said they would talk business whilst the children ran off to explore.

Noel led the way across the farmyard, but more haste made less speed, for he tripped on the uneven cobbles and nearly fell face down in the muck-heap. A miss is as good as a mile, nor did the shock upset Noel's nerves, whilst he soon washed his hands under the pump!

There was such a lovely garden at this farm, with bee-hives set amongst great plants of burrage, which was said to have a charm against

disease. September flowers are the loveliest of the year, and I wish you could have sniffed in all the sweetness those Sunshine children sniffed as they stood amongst sweet-williams, roses, phlox, tall sunflowers, stumpy asters, and all the autumn loveliness of what we often call a real old-fashioned garden.

There were mulberries and pears, and even golden apricots calling to be picked and eaten, and you will know they did not need to call twice where Con was!



NOEL WOULD HAVE LIKED
THE DOG TO SHOW
GREATER ANXIETY TO
REMAIN WITH HIS FRIENDS.

What a happy time they did spend in that farm garden! How they climbed the trees, explored, smelt the flowers, and finally rejoiced over a duck-pond with a very ancient plank across it. Each dared the other to cross that creaking plank, and I wonder it did not break altogether. If it *had* done so, I fear the smell of duck-pond mud would have been very different from autumn roses.

They were all *very* disappointed when Uncle Bob was heard calling to them that it was time to go. Ann Quinnock was standing in the porch, and asked if they would like to take a peep at her kitchen and the dairy. She showed them her quaint old sitting-rooms, too; but the children decided that the very nicest place

on the farm was the dairy. Oh, that dairy, with its blue tiles, its red floor, its pans of yellow cream and still more yellow butter. How pretty and how fragrant it was! Mrs. Quinnock gave them each a big spoon and set them down before a bowl of pears and cream. So it was no use for Uncle Bob to call "Make haste." They could not leave pears and cream—it would look so *rude*. But, when the bowl was empty, Ann seriously wondered whether they were not all too fat to walk home.

She and Uncle Bob walked back together. Uncle Bob said he would be going into Carran Brea to-morrow, and he wanted to know if Ann would come to help him shop. Ann felt very important, especially when she noticed the boys had not been invited.

I think Noel and Con were a tiny bit disgusted too, when they came back from chasing a rabbit, and Ann told them; but they only put their heads together and went off whispering.

Ann did not hear what those whispers were about till she went to bed that night. She was huddling up the snuggery like a real old Mother Ann, when Noel and Con came to tell her their secret.

"You'll never guess where we are going to-night," said Noel gaily.

"I believe she will," retorted Con. "Ann is a good guesser. I think she would have been a witch if she had lived in the olden days."

"I guess," said Ann, "that you are going to the Spaniard's Mill."

"Right, first time!" the boys shouted, and Con patted her on the back. "Are you coming too, Mother Ann?" he asked in his wheedling tones. Con never liked Ann left out of things.

But this time Ann was quite content to be left out.

"No," she replied, "I'm not coming. I'd much rather sleep peacefully in bed. I'm sure an airy-mouse would lodge in my hair, and of course you won't see a ghost."

"Lots of ghosts," retorted Noel. "All the Spaniards and the Cornish folk as well as smugglers and excisemen. What capers they will cut!"

"It's you who will cut capers," laughed Ann, "and catch colds. Be sure you don't go near Kollerton Bogs. Of course no one knows, do they? Louisa would tie two flannels round her head."

"Women get such notions into their heads," said Noel rather loftily. "But Father would not mind, you know that perfectly well, Ann."

Ann considered. It was really difficult to compare life at Rock Grange and Golden Vale Farm. Of course in California they had done lots of things which would have horrified Louisa and scandalized Claudeen. Still, going by moonlight to look for ghosts in a ruined mill could not surely be considered "outrageous." There could be no harm in it!

"Are you going to have a ladder outside same as when we got up early?" she asked. "You remember, the first day we went to the cave?"

Con shook his head. "Since then Amos has padlocked his ladders," he replied. "But we shall find it quite easy, don't worry, Ann. We

aren't going to knot our sheets, or slide down drain pipes. I guess it will be much easier to walk out of the back door. Louisa and Hetty sleep the other side of the house, and Rose has a deaf ear. Rose is a topper. Of course, having brothers makes a difference. If you lived to be a hundred, Ann, you could never be a Louisa." And Con patted Ann's hand in his coaxing way.

So Ann did not spoil sport, and even brought her slab of chocolate—the sort with pink cream inside—for the ghost seers to munch during their vigil.

"Don't go to sleep in the mill," was her good-night warning, "because all mills are full of rats. You might be like the bishop who got eaten by rats."

Noel and Con were highly amused, but they promised faithfully not to go to sleep. Just fancy the idea of it! When they quite expected to see all sorts of wonderful ghostesies sitting on postesies.

Con had a supply of pears, pastry, and chocolate to build up his strength. Noel took his knife and a pocket camera. He was quite enthusiastic about photographing Smuggler Roglan.

Ann was not one bit sorry to run back to bed and curl round under the blankets like a dormouse. She thought Noel and Con were very silly not to prefer bed to musty mills.

And, whilst Ann soon fell asleep to dream about farm gardens and buzzing bees, naughty dogs and mysterious cliffs, Noel and Con had climbed the garden wall and were off as brisk as reynard fox on his way to a poultry run.

It was a jolly night, moonlit and clear, with that tang of autumn which makes even the laziest feel energetic.

Con got so frisky after finishing Ann's chocolate that he began to sing his favourite "Star-spangled Banner" as soon as they crossed the threshold of the mill.

Noel was busy getting a crazy ladder into position, whilst Con sang sweet and clear as a chorister the stirring words:—

"Oh say, can you see by the dawn's early light
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last
gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars in the perilous
fight
O'er the ramparts we watch'd were so gallantly
streaming;
And the rocket's red glare, the bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof through the night that our flag was still
there.
Oh say, does that star-spangled banner yet wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"

"Chut!" urged Noel irritably, "be quiet,

Con. Guess this old bat-house isn't the place for any sort of star-spangled banners. What self-respecting ghost would come around where he heard all that squeaking?"

"Right," said Con, "I was going to give over. Shall I climb the ladder? Guess there are the bins up in the old loft where the flour was kept. Shall we go right up?"

"Ware rats," chuckled Noel. "I vote we climb into the bins and watch. Then the loft will fill up with the smugglers—or Spaniards. The mill is ten times nicer at night than in the day."

Con was quite ready to agree. In spite of his pretty face and gentle manners he had not a spark of that which boys as a rule call "funk." He could be gay where others trembled, daring where lads nearly twice his age shrank back. He was up the ladder before either he or Noel thought whether the rungs were safe. Noel was close behind him.

Some place that mill loft! Gnat holes in the flooring, a gap which let in plenty of moonlight, broken beams, crumbling bins, desolation and cobwebs galore!

The first thing to do was to pick their way gingerly to the gap, from which they had a fine view of empty moorland, quiet pools, heather clumps all spread below, and the gaunt, broken arms of the mill above. Somewhere an owl hooted. Ann's airy-mice flitted in and out and round about. There were no signs, however, of ghosts!

Noel was quite disappointed. "Come on," he urged his brother. "Climb into a bin and watch. If you see anything, just call. I'll watch too. It all looks fine. I guess there must be ghosts."

Con heroically divided the provisions. "Eating passes the time," he said; "and Rose's pastry is good." It vexed him to see the indifferent way in which Noel put his share into his pocket.

The bins were stuffy, thick with dust and cobwebs. Not one bit nice, and with a suggestion of spiders and crawlies everywhere.

Con watched for at least half an hour, ate his midnight supper, and, being forbidden to sing, went to sleep instead. He did not dream peacefully like Ann! Rose's pastry, and cramp in his limbs, not to mention semi-suffocation, gave him quite a lively nightmare, in which a bird with a beak like the renowned "cassowary" was trying to bite his shoulder, when he was awakened by hearing Noel's voice in his ear, and Noel's hand shaking him *just* in the place he had felt the cassowary's beak!

"Eh! Oh! What? Where?" gasped Con. Then, wakened in a panic, "W-where's the

ghost?" he asked, blinking and rubbing himself. How the crawlies crawled!

"Sh—sh—sh!" urged Noel in a whisper. "Reckon I don't know if it's a ghost, or wind, or some one with a pain, but you can hear for sure."

Con scrambled out of his bin. He was wide awake, and he had quite a clear wish to get home to sleep again in his own bed. "It was a dream," he said. "Guess Ann's had the best of it."

"Duffer!" retorted Noel. "Stand still, or squat down and listen. It's something—down there." And he pointed towards the trap-door.

Con had very sharp ears, and he was quite awake enough to listen properly. True, sounds were coming from the mill below. Sob, sob, sob. Con had never inquired as to whether ghosts cry, but he felt he would be able to answer questions himself on the point after hearing that sob, sob, sob.

"Guess we'd better go down," he said to his brother. "Have you got your kodak?"

Noel flushed red with vexation. He had actually been foolish enough to leave the camera below. And now he could not determine in his mind whether he were glad or sorry. Would he dare, after all, to photograph a ghost? It was a most humiliating thought to Noel that Con should be actually cooler, less agitated than himself in the moment of crisis.

"Wait," whispered Noel. "Listen again, Con. You—you will spoil things if you are in too great a hurry. Let's lie flat and see if there is anything to be seen."

But Con's feet were already on the rungs, and as he stood balancing with Noel's white face peering down towards him, he heard a howl from beneath which nearly sent him somersaulting on to the ground below.

But the howl had nothing ghostly about it—only fear, the fear of some one taken by surprise and confronted by a danger or a threat which appalled him.

Whilst Con *wriggled*, gripping the floor of the loft above, in dread that skeleton fingers would be taking his ankles into custody, he heard Noel give a smothered cry of "Dick!"

That settled things. Black Roglan, with his "cutters and trucklers," melted with Spanish intruders into the mists, whilst Con fairly tumbled down that ladder with Noel after him.

They had both talked so much of Dick Terharden during the last few days that there seemed to be only one Dick in existence—the one who stood with his black curls almost "straight on end" at sight of the two dusty figures which launched themselves down from the haunted loft.

If Dick's legs had not been shaking so hard!

have no doubt he would have been out of the mill and across the moonlit moors before any one could say "knife." But shaky legs in this case were the best sort to have, as perhaps Dick would have admitted when, instead of being encircled by long-dead smugglers, he found his hands being shaken by tried friends.

Noel was so excited that he could not speak at all. Con was much more matter-of-fact.

"You'd better finish my chocolate, Dick," he said in sing-song tones. "You look real hungry."

Perhaps the moonlight made Dick look paler than he was, but he did look white and thin, as well as sad. He took Con's chocolate and bit hard on it, hoping as he swallowed it he might be able to swallow the lump in his throat too.

"I thought—I thought——" he muttered.

"Of course," agreed Con, "we thought too. But guess we all thought wrong. The truth is much better though. Noel's hunted everywhere for you. You see, your mother wants you."

Dick rubbed his curly head fiercely. "I've run away," he burred in his queer dialect. "I've run away. I'll not never go home. Father would kill me, so he would. That would be worse for mother. I waited to send her a letter by one of the kids. She'll know I'm going across the seas. It's better than that she should always be looking out for me."

"Say!" panted Noel, finding his words at last. "You'll come right back. You must. Your mother's ill. Oh, Dick, I *am* glad we came to the Spaniard's Mill to-night. I guess God told us to come so that we could bring you back home."

"I'm not going home," said Dick stubbornly. "Father would kill me. I'm going over the seas. I'll fight my way or starve. I'm going."

"I went to see your mother and Susie to-day," said Noel. "Your mother is in bed. She looks real sick. Susie says your dad's fretting too, though he won't show it. Last night Susie heard him say he had been too hard on you. Dick, ain't you going to give your father another chance?"

(To be continued.)



COMMON AND OX-EYE DAISY COMPARED.

Dwellers in the Corn Field

AS Uncle George walked by the edge of the corn field, Dolly and her two brothers ran up to him. Dolly carried a bunch of huge daisies in her hand.

"We want you to tell us about these, Uncle George," she said. "Tom says that these are the little field daisies grown up; and Frank says they are not."

"Frank is right," said Uncle George, laughing. "This is not the common field daisy. It is the *ox-eye* daisy. You might bring me a common daisy, Frank. I am sure there are many growing near. Ah, here is one at our feet! Now let us hold them side by side."

"You can see that they are unlike one another in many ways. The *ox-eye* daisy has much larger leaves and flowers. It bears its leaves and flowers on tall, strong stalks. The leaves of the common daisy lie almost flat on the ground, and there is only one little flower-head on each stalk. When we get home we shall look at them both more closely."

"Oh, look at those big yellow daisies growing among the corn!" said Dolly.

"And I see some blue flowers near them," said Tom.

"The yellow flower is the *moon-daisy*. It is also called the *corn-marigold*. It is a great deal like the two daisies we have just been talking about. The other is the blue *cornflower*. It belongs to the same great family as the daisies. Frank will go and fetch us some."

TO OUR READERS

THE Editress is anxious to know whether her readers are missing anything which they used to like in the "Children's Paper." If so, send her a postcard, and she will see what can be done.

Frank gathered a bunch of both flowers. He was just reaching over for some large red poppies when he saw a pair of small black cunning eyes peering at him. Then a brown creature ran past him and went out of sight among the long grass at the edge of the field.

"A rat! a rat! Uncle George!" he shouted.

"Yes, it is a rat; I saw it," said his uncle.

"But what is he doing out in the fields?" said Frank. "I always thought that rats lived in houses."

"The brown rat lives where he can," said Uncle George. "Very likely this one has come from the farm. Farmyard rats often come out and live among the long grass and reeds in summer-time. When the cold weather comes, and the crops are gathered, they go back to the stables and barns. There they rob the farmer. They are very cunning creatures. They steal eggs, milk, grain, and even kill and carry away young chickens. The rat lives by thieving. That is why he is killed whenever he shows his face."

"Rats are sometimes useful, though. They swarm in ship docks and places where stuff is left about. They eat up what would rot and poison the air. They thus help to keep down disease."

"Now, boys, before we go home I am going to show you something. I found it the other day when taking a walk."

Uncle George led the children to the end of the field, and pointed to a strange object among the corn. It was a nest of some sort. It was made of dried grass, and hung from five or six wheat stalks. It was round like a cricket ball, and just about as big.

"It is the nest of the harvest-mouse," said Uncle George in a low voice. "Keep still, and perhaps we shall see Mistress Mousie."

The children waited a long time looking at the curious little object. At last a tiny brown creature ran up one of the wheat stalks and went into the nest. It seemed to go right through the wall of its little house. There was no hole to be seen where it went in. Then Uncle George clapped his hands. At once two wee brown mice came out.

They slid down the corn stalks and were out of sight in a moment.

"Ha! Mr. and Mrs. Mousie, we have disturbed you," said Uncle George. "We will now go nearer and see your nest."

"I can't see where they came out," said Tom. "There is no hole to be seen."

Uncle George pointed out to the children how the nest was woven together and fixed to the wheat stalks. He then took a pencil from his pocket and moved aside some of the dried grass. The children

looked in and saw a family of naked little mice cuddled up together. They could not tell how many there were; but Uncle George said that there were eight or nine young ones as a rule in a harvest-mouse's nest.

"What will become of these wee mice when the corn is ripe?" Tom asked.

"They will perhaps be grown up and able to take care of themselves by that time, Tom," said Uncle George.

"The harvest-mouse stores up corn in its nest. Before winter comes it makes a hole in the ground. Here it sleeps through most of the winter and springs up again. It wakes up from time to time and feeds upon its store of grains."

"It is much smaller and browner than our house-mouse," said Frank.

"Yes, Frank, it is our smallest four-footed animal. We have many kinds of mice in this country. The brown rat is the largest and the harvest-mouse is the smallest of our mouse family."

"How does it manage to slide down the wheat stalk so quickly without falling off?" Tom asked.

"It can use its long tail as well as its feet for climbing," his uncle answered.

"When it wishes to get to the ground it just coils its little tail round the stalk and slides down."

A Prize Poem

VERSE COMPETITION

(See May Number, page 79)

PATTERN VERSE

How many miles to Bethlehem?

Not very far.

Shall we find the stable-room

Lit by a star?—FRANCES CHESTERTON.

* * * * *

Follow the star to Bethlehem,

There see Him lie,

The Lord and God of all the earth

And sea and sky.

No room at all within the inn

To lay His head;

His Virgin Mother lays Him in

A manger bed.

Have we made room within our hearts

For Him to rest?

Make ready all now to receive

Our heavenly Guest.

OLIVE BEAZER (age 13),
Baden House, Marshfield, Chippenham

Things to Make

Water Lilies that Float

YOU can easily make some pretty water lilies that will float in bowls of water out of simple materials. First of all you will require a piece of muslin or some similar fabric. If you wish the lilies to be white, get white cloth. Where you want coloured flowers, material tinted in the shade you require should be chosen. Then you will require some silk thread of a gold colour and also some candle wax.



FIG. 1.—HOW THE PETALS ARE CUT OUT.

You make the water lily in this way. Cut your cloth into circles three of which measure five inches across, three more four inches, and still three more three inches in measurement. Now cut out the petals round the edges of the circles in the way shown in the sketch. (Fig. 1.)

When all the rounds of material are ready, melt some of the candle wax in an old tin, which you can stand on the fire or put in boiling water. When the wax is liquid dip each of the rounds in so that it is coated with wax. Wave about in the air for a few moments and the wax will soon set.

You can now start putting your lily together. Take one of the large circles and bend it round like a bowl. You will find that the warmth of the fingers makes the wax soften, so that you can easily get the shape you require. Treat all the other rounds in the same way, and then arrange them one inside the other. (See Fig. 2.)

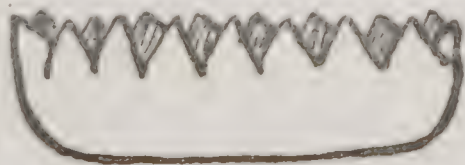


FIG. 2.

Put the lower part of each for a moment on a hot plate to melt the wax, and it will then be easy to fix it to the circle below.



FIG. 3.—THE STAMENS.

The next thing is to make the golden stamens. Cut a number of short lengths of the yellow silk, and tie these a little below the middle as shown in the picture. (Fig. 3.) Dip the short ends into some liquid wax, and then, without delay, press into the centre of the lily. You will be

surprised how much like a real water lily the flower you have made appears to be. The lily can now be floated in water, and a little bending of the petals would soon make the flower settle properly. It is nice to make one or two lilies of the coloured material, and these look very real indeed.

Peppermint Creams

HERE is a recipe for making delicious peppermint creams, which is so simple that any of you boys and girls could try it and be sure of success. First you must have ready the following articles:—1 lb. of icing sugar; 1 white of egg; 1 table-spoonful of water; a little essence of peppermint.

Sieve the icing sugar into a basin and moisten with the white of egg and water. Work with the hands into a smooth, soft paste, flavouring with about half a teaspoonful of peppermint essence. When the paste is pliable and free from cracks, roll it out to an eighth of an inch in thickness on a board that has been sprinkled with sieved icing sugar. Cut out into rounds with a small cutter, and place aside on a sheet of white paper sprinkled with castor sugar, and let them remain until dry. The cutter should be dipped into castor sugar to prevent its sticking to the paste. Press the scraps together and roll them out again until all are used.

Another Prize Poem

VERSE COMPETITION

(See May Number, page 79)

PATTERN VERSE

How many miles to Bethlehem?

Not very far.

Shall we find the stable-room

Lit by a star?—FRANCES CHESTERTON.

* * * * *

Will the Infant Child be there

Lying at rest

In a manger of hay, and be

Lowly dressed?

In her arms the mother does

Her Baby hold,

While the wise men give to Him

Incense and gold.

He is wrapped in swaddling bands

Neat and clean.

This was our Saviour Christ, who here

Was to be seen.

DAISY BULLEN (age 13)
Feltham Girls' School, Middlesex

Picture Children

4. Frances Gordon

CHILDREN who live in London, and children whose fathers and mothers take them to London, are able to go to galleries where they can see a very large number of the best pictures that have ever been painted. There is nothing to pay, so that even the very poorest may go as often as they like to see these pictures; and not even the richest people in the world would be allowed to buy them, so that they will never be taken away from the galleries where they are hung.

One of the places in which pictures of this kind are hung is the National Gallery, and here we find the painting we have copied on this page. It is called "Heads of Angels"; but these five beautiful faces were painted from one real little girl, whose face we see here in different positions. This is one of a very large number of beautiful pictures painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The little girl's name was Frances

Isabella Ker Gordon, and she was the only child of Lord Gordon. In history books and in story books we read about the uncle of this little Scottish lassie, Lord George Gordon, who took a part in some riots which happened in London while George the Third was king.

Lord George Gordon had been in the navy, but he thought he had not been treated fairly, and so he left his post. He was a member of Parliament,

and when a law was passed in favour of Roman Catholics he did all he could to have it set aside, because he was a Protestant, and did not like the Roman Catholics.

On a certain day Lord George rode through London at the head of an excited mob of fifty thousand people who wore blue cockades. The men started from St. George's Fields, and went to the House of Commons to ask that the new law should be changed. The mob became disorderly and a dreadful riot began, which lasted for five days. Catholic chapels were

burned, and the houses where Catholics lived; while Newgate prison was forcibly entered and the prisoners set free.

On the fifth day of this wicked riot there were thirty-six fires burning at once in London, and then the king ordered out the soldiers. Soon the streets were cleared, but not before some two hundred of the rioters had been killed and as many wounded, while a large number were arrested. Of those who were taken to prison, twenty-one were afterwards hanged. A great deal of damage was done during this unhappy time.

Lord George was tried, and narrowly escaped

being hanged; but it was not thought that he wished to cause a riot, and some said that he was not in his right mind.

Afterwards he was in trouble again, and fled to Holland; but when he returned he was arrested at Birmingham and taken to London, where he died of fever in Newgate prison in 1793. An account of the Gordon riots comes into Charles Dickens's famous story entitled *Barnaby Rudge*.



HEADS OF ANGELS.

Our Competitions

Rules for Competitors

COMPETITORS *must* attend to the following rules:—

1. Subject to the age limits, you may enter for any or all of the competitions, but you must attach to your answers one Competition Form cut from the back page of the cover of the current number of the paper. It must be filled up as directed.

2. A Competition Form *must be attached to one* of the papers sent in by each competitor. Other competitions entered must have the name, address, and age of the sender written distinctly upon them.

3. Care should be taken with *writing and neatness*, as these will be taken into consideration in judging all competitions.

4. Address your answers to "Editress," *Children's Paper*, c/o Thomas Nelson and Sons, Ltd., Parkside Works, Edinburgh.

5. No answers received later than July 16 will be considered.

[We rely upon you to send in your own unaided work.]

Competitions for July

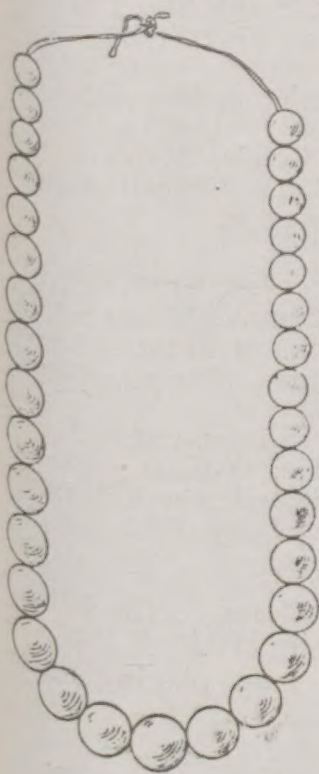
SPECIAL NOTICE

Competitors are asked to note particularly the second part of Rule 2. When the competitions are sorted out for judging, those that have not full particulars on them become of no value.

For all Ages up to Fifteen

ESSAY COMPETITION

Suppose some one suggested a picture entitled "Going to School," tell what you would like to see in it. Sketch very roughly the composition of the picture.



ARITHMETICAL PUZZLE

"A man I know," said Teddy Nicholson at a certain family party, "possesses a string of thirty-three pearls. The middle pearl is the largest and best of all, and the others are so selected and arranged that, starting from one end, each successive pearl is worth £100 more than the preceding one, right up to the big pearl. From the other end the pearls increase in value by £150 up to the large pearl. The whole string is worth £65,000. What is the value of that large pearl?"

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Make a drawing of a charabanc, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Twelve only

VERSE COMPETITION

"If you go a-picnic-ing
And leave your scraps about,
You'll never see the Little Folk
Go running in and out."

Add three or four more stanzas like the above, mentioning paper bags, orange peel, empty boxes, etc.

CONCEALED CITIES

There are twelve concealed cities in the following passage. Can you find out what they are?

All was quiet on the ship. "A risky piece of business," murmured the steward. "Over the side with you," said the mate; "the best way is to wait until the captain takes his nap on the sofa; then see if he's fast asleep; he's usually dozing in a minute. Now, sail on; do nothing rashly, though." The steward entered through the port, and, obeying the instructions of the mate, he ransacked the cabin thoroughly. From each locker he took bags of silver. On a small table he found a jewel-box. "Here's a picnic!" ejaculated the steward, as he took the contents for his part, and kindly reserved the box for the mate.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Make a drawing of a basket of strawberries, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

For Children under Ten only

LETTER COMPETITION

Write a letter to the Editress on your favourite summer game.

WORD PUZZLE

In each of the following sentences use one word, transposing its letters as required, to fill the blanks and complete the sense. Each sentence takes a different word. In each blank the nature of the word is indicated in brackets.

The (*plural noun*) of the good ship (*proper noun*) used all their (*plural noun*) to rid the cabin of (*plural noun*).

The haughty (*noun*) soon (*verb*) her way across the (*noun*).

An inordinate love of (*noun*) makes even kind men (*adjective*) and is indeed a moral (*noun*).

He will (*verb*) a cry the first (*noun*) he sees that little (*noun*) of an (*noun*) on the bill.

A good gardener (*verb*) an (*noun*) as a flower; when he finds (*plural noun*) around it he (*verb*) them up.

One of us will sew, one stick (*plural noun*), one (*verb*) with the scissors, and one make little (*plural noun*) with the tweezers.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Make a drawing of a spade and pail, and colour it with water colours or chalks.

Motto Competition

All readers may enter this competition. A book prize will be given for the motto which is published in the paper. Each motto should have the name of the author from whom the quotation is taken.

A "Smiles" Competition

A Book Prize will be given for the brightest "Smile" sent in this month.

Prize List for May

CHAIN PUZZLE

The cheapest course for the man to adopt is to break up the two pieces of chain containing three links and four links respectively. These seven links will join together the remaining seven pieces of chain into one endless chain, and will therefore only cost the man seven times 3d., or 1s. 9d., whereas a new chain would cost 2s. 2d.

The following sent in the neatest and best solutions:—

Prize-Winners.—Mary Bott, Birchfield, Donnington Wood, Newport, Salop. James M. Duff, 24 Richmond Terrace, Aberdeen. Joseph Russell, Victoria Bridge, Strabane.

Honourable Mention.—Muriel Murdoch, Glasgow; Olive and Phyllis Beazer, Chippenham; James Porter, Dunadry; May Ross, Musselburgh; Ruby Dobbin, Bushmills.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (A)

Prize-Winners.—Mary Fletcher, Hemingly Mill, Horncastle. C. H. Brown, The Southfield School, Merton Road, London, S.W. 18. Arthur Fairclough, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington, Lancashire. Rosina Warneford, Feltham Girls' School, Feltham, Middlesex.

Honourable Mention.—John Wright and Alfred Hardman, St. Marie's School, Bury; James Dornan, Saintfield, Ireland; Olive Beazer, Chippenham; L. Clarice Jackson, Goldenhill; Mildred Moore, Feltham Girls' School; Harold W. Ellis and Hilda Boulton, Southfield School, S.W. 18; Tom Williams and Harry Hargreaves, Worsthorne, near Burnley.

VERSE COMPETITION

[For some of the best poems see pages 108, 109.]

Prize-Winners.—Olive Beazer, Baden House, Marshfield, Chippenham. Daisy Bullen, Feltham Girls' School, Feltham, Middlesex. Muriel Murdoch, 9 Westmoreland Street, Crosshill, Glasgow.

Honourable Mention.—Mabel Billsborough, Salford; Ethel Webster, Feltham Girls' School; Barbara Smith, Dunstable; Edith M. Mann, Dovercourt; Peggy Brown, Clydebank.

COMPOSITION COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Alfred Bewley, 12 Cliff Terrace, Newtown, Carlisle. Irene Curtis, Rice Lane Council School, Orrell Park, Liverpool. Bernard Gregory, St. Marie's School, Bury. Annie Lemon, New Line, Saintfield, County Down.

Honourable Mention.—Thelma Alderson, Aintree; Henry G. Button, Rochdale; Nancy Bottomley, Rice Lane School, Liverpool; Campbell Fisher and Bert Hay, Carlisle; Harold Taylor, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; Frank Holmes and Sydney Brook, Bury.

JUMBLED TOWNS

[The names of the towns were: Birkenhead; Kirkcaldy; Oldham; Dunfermline; Leicester; Paisley; Gateshead; Waterford; Liverpool; Drogheda.]

The following sent in the neatest and correctly spelled solutions:—

Prize-Winners.—Betty Broadhurst, "Sandyville," Grove Road, Wallasey. Alice Jenkinson, 33 Kenyon Lane, Middleton, Manchester. Ada Ballard, 35 Junction Road, Gillingham, Kent. Tom Semple, Mossfield House, Galloney, Strabane.

Honourable Mention.—Alison Adams, Edinburgh; William Barclay, Aberdeen; Alexander Bell, Manchester; Florence Bolton, Bromley; Iaian Campbell, Fearn; Anna Cathcart, Larne; Violet E. Chainey; Constance Farrell, Rice Lane School, Liverpool; George Forsyth, Glasgow; Marjorie B. Galton, Christchurch; Pansy Gibbons, Dalkeith; Rose M. E. Hepburn, Edinburgh; Frank Holmes, St. Marie's School, Bury; Thomas Hutchens, Bristol; Alice Kenyon, Elm Street Council School, Middleton; Hilda M'Ilwaine, Armagh; Vera Parkes, Gillingham; Janey Savory, Norwich; Jessie N. A. Simpson, Glasgow; Ivy Thorne, Bristol; Joan Waite, Milton, Portsmouth; Thomas Park Wilson, Ballyclare.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (B)

Prize-Winners.—Phyllis Beazer, Baden House, Marshfield, Chippenham. Sydney Brook, St. Marie's School, Bury. Doris Lacy, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton. Sam M'Ilwaine, 12 Clonlee, Larne.

Honourable Mention.—Graham M. Jackson, Inverness; Harry Birchall, St. Paul's Church of England School, Adlington; William Wray, Miltown Convoy; Dorothy Botly, Redhill, Surrey; Marian Prosser, Mount School, Kersal; Rita F. Fearn, Aintree, Liverpool.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Nora Hambly, 112 Orford Road, London, E. 17. Joan Isherwood, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. R. Blake, Elmcroft, Elmhurst Road, Gosport, near Portsmouth. Phyllis Davies, Stoneybridge School, Belbroughton, near Stourbridge.

Honourable Mention.—Irene Hughes, Liverpool; Phyllis Beazer, Chippenham; Mary Gumbleton, Bexley; Conrad M'Grath, Bristol; Kathleen Ingleton, Canterbury; Connie Buckley, Mount School, Kersal; Dorothy Gilbertson, Sheffield.

LETTER COMPETITION

Prize-Winners.—Robert Wright, Shore Side, Hesketh Bank, near Preston. Olive Clark, South Street School, Bristol. Henry George Button, 48 King Street South, Rochdale.

Honourable Mention.—Olga Singleton, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester; Nora Hambly, London; Irene Rigby, Hesketh Bank; Philip Goode, Rubery, Birmingham; Ena Cooms, Rice Lane Council School, Liverpool; Lorna R. Ogilvie, Stewarton.

DRAWING AND COLOURING COMPETITION (C)

Prize-Winners.—Brenda Sheila Ormrod, Mount School, Kersal, Manchester. Ian Warnock, 34 Frances Street, Newtownards, County Down. Joan Stevens, Greenfield House, Rubery, Birmingham.

Honourable Mention.—Frank Holmes, St. Marie's School, Bury; John Kent Hartley, Oldham; Dennis Gooderson, Henbury Church of England School, Bristol; James Dornan, Saintfield; Frances Long, Bromsgrove.

Mother. "John, what are you doing to the baby? Stop pinching him and making him cry."

John. "Oh, Mother, we are only playing automobile, and he's the horn."

✱ ✱ ✱

"HUSH! you two boys are always quarrelling. Why can't you agree once in a while?"

"We agree this time. We both want the same piece of pie."

29 JUN 23

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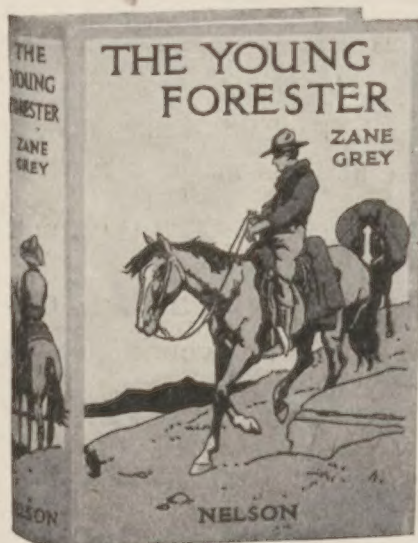
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